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61ST CONGRESS, 3d Session } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES { DOCUMENT No. 1500

WALTER P. BROWNLOW

(Late a Representative from Tennessee)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS
THIRD SESSION

Proceedings in the House
February 19, 1911

Proceedings in the Senate
December 6, 1910

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DEATH OF HON. WALTER P. BROWNLOW

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

DECEMBER 5, 1910.

Mr. MASSEY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Tennessee offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WALTER P. BROWNLOW, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the Senate and send a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. RANSDELL of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Louisiana offers a resolution, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senators and Representatives the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to. Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 49 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until 12 o'clock noon to-morrow.

DECEMBER 6, 1910.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty Father, ever ready and willing to hear the prayers of Thy children, we draw near to Thee, seeking Thy blessing that we may know Thy will and have the disposition and the strength to do it that we may fulfill the obligations of the hour.

Be very near, we beseech Thee, to all who are in sorrow and distress everywhere. Especially be very near to the families of those who were bereft of their dear ones during the recess and whom we knew as Members of this House to love and respect. Help them and us to look forward with bright anticipations to that other life where we shall dwell together in peace and happiness forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

JANUARY 10, 1911.

Mr. MASSEY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, the 19th day of February, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. W. P. BROWNLOW, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

The order was agreed to.

FEBRUARY 19, 1911.

Mr. GORDON took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. MASSEY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions (H. Res. 983) which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. WALTER PRESTON BROWNLOW, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the next adjournment of the House shall be considered a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Massey, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I rise for the purpose of paying an humble tribute to the memory of my predecessor in this House and to voice, inadequately though it be, the deep sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the people not only of the first congressional district of Tennessee, but the entire State, in the demise of my distinguished predecessor, Hon. W. P. Brownlow.

Walter Preston Brownlow was one of my most devoted personal friends, and I admired him as one of the ablest, most useful, and resourceful public men I ever knew. From our first meeting I was attracted to him; I never knew a man who possessed in so high a degree that indefinable quality termed "personal magnetism"; I at once became his friend, and I take pride in saying that friendship was reciprocated. I championed him in all of his conflicts, some of them most strenuous and bitter, though all of a successful character; and I take pride in the fact that I, in the language of my own beloved mountain people, "stood by him through thick and thin."

Mr. Speaker, I not only admired and liked Mr. Brownlow, but I loved him, and the passing years increased rather than diminished my friendship for him. I appreciated his wonderful ability and had the utmost confidence in him.

Mr. BROWNLOW was born on the 27th day of March, 1851, at Abingdon, Va., the county seat of Washington County, and within 15 miles of the line separating the State of Virginia from the district he had the honor to represent. The place of his birth, as we all know, is historic, and now more than historic in the hearts of the people of the first district of Tennessee.

Mr. Speaker, since Tennessee's admission to our great Federal Union, 115 years ago, no one has represented my district in Congress as long as did Mr. BROWNLOW, with the exception of the Hon. John Rhea, and, had Mr. BROWNLOW lived, he would have surpassed Mr. Rhea's period in length of service. Mr. BROWNLOW had been nominated for an eighth term in a district where the nomination of his party is equivalent to an election of from ten to fifteen thousand majority. The people of my district were strong adherents of the Union cause in the Civil War and furnished to the Federal Army more soldiers than any district in the United States—all white—and under the leadership of Mr. BROWNLOW the Republican majority has been increased some 15,000. His supporters were not confined to his own party.

Mr. Speaker, until Mr. BROWNLOW came to Congress the first congressional district of Tennessee had never had a dollar of public money appropriated for any purpose, but during the time he served he had established a fish hatchery at Erwin, Tenn.; a public building at Bristol, a rapidly growing city of about 20,000; a public building at Greeneville and another at Johnson City, all among the most prosperous and growing cities of the South. He also caused to be established at Greeneville, Tenn., the burial place of former President Andrew Johnson, a fourth-class national cemetery, the only one of this class ever established by the Federal Government. There was a poetic justice in this tribute to Andrew Johnson. He

rendered, as we all know, invaluable service to his country, which was recognized by the National Union Convention of 1864 at Baltimore, when he was nominated for Vice President on the ticket headed by the immortal Lincoln.

And, Mr. Speaker, in addition to all this, Mr. BROWNLOW had erected in his district, at a cost of $2,100,000, a National Soldiers' Home, and this home was the pride of his whole life. It is situated in one of the most beautiful sections of the mountains of east Tennessee, where the atmosphere is the most desirable and the water bears the finest test as to purity. The climate is unequaled, and one of the greatest pleas rendered by Mr. BROWNLOW before the American Congress for the establishment of this home was that it would be located in a latitude the most desirable in the country, being 1,600 feet above sea level. He was so much interested in this home that he and his wife lived there, notwithstanding that he owned a home of his own at Jonesboro, Tenn., one of the most palatial in upper east Tennessee, and his pride in this home was evidenced by his dying request that he be buried in its cemetery by the side of the Union veterans, for whose comfort and in whose interest he had it established. After he had viewed its final completion he was not satisfied, but his every thought was for the well-being of its inmates, who were not only the veterans of the Union Army, but of the Spanish-American War, including many of the sons of old Confederate veterans. First, he conceived the idea of furnishing reading matter for the inmates, so he wrote to that noble philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, requesting that he contribute to the erection of the library building, and in answer to this appeal he received a check of $25,000 for the library building; with this sum he had erected a splendid building, superior—because of the cheapness of building

material in Tennessee—of any that could have been erected in other sections of the country for the same money. To get books for this library—there being no public money for the purpose—Mr. BROWNLOW wrote to all the leading publishing houses in the country, and in response to this appeal he received 16,000 volumes of the best literature of the world in history, poetry, and fiction.

In addition to this it occurred to Mr. BROWNLOW that in the hospital in this home the old soldier, left alone in the world, without having those he had loved the most around him, should have something more than bare walls to look upon while sick, and he wrote to the leading art firms, describing, as only Mr. BROWNLOW could describe, the home, and asked them to contribute one or more works of art, framed; and in answer to this request he received valuable works of art, sufficient to cover the walls of the hospital. Then, again, it occurred to this man of wonderful resource and brain that the old soldier should have music during his declining years, and while on his sick bed he wrote to many firms in this line, requesting that they contribute to this grand cause, and in response to this appeal he immediately received valuable pianos and other musical instruments. But, not yet feeling that his work was complete, he procured, without cost to the Government, one of the best artists in the country to fresco and decorate the dining room. This was done in elaborate style, and for beauty and work is unequaled in the South, or, I might say, in the entire country.

Mr. Speaker, I mention these details to show the intense interest he had in this noble institution. In the very center of our glorious Southland he has placed this magnificent home, an object lesson and typical of the generosity of our glorious Republic; and in this connection I might say that a movement is now on foot to erect a

monument to the memory of Mr. BROWNLOW. But while I am heartily in sympathy with the movement, and look forward with pride to the unveiling of this monument, at the same time no monument of stone or marble is needed to perpetuate his memory in the hearts of the people of our country, as the National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., will ever stand as a monument to his untiring energy, brain power, and love for his fellow beings.

> As the days that come into the lives of these men
> Cause them to lose their years and are young again,
> When the wrinkles flee from the careworn face
> And the smiles that flow have unwonted grace,
> These are the days when life is sweet,
> When past and present and future meet,
> To blend in a halo of heavenly light
> And crown all things with a glory bright.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. BROWNLOW in his private life was above reproach; he lived for those around and about him. I believe, Mr. Speaker, if a man ever lived a life of self-denial and devoted his life to his family, friends, and country, that man was WALTER PRESTON BROWNLOW. He believed that in "casting his bread upon the waters it would be returned to him many days hence." In this connection I wish to speak of a little incident in his life, told me by his wife several years before he was elected to Congress. A newspaper article one morning denounced him in very scathing terms, and upon his reaching home his wife said, "Did you see this article, Walter?" and he replied, "Yes, my dear." "Well," said his wife, "what are you going to do about it?" To which he replied, "I shall do nothing about it." "Well, why won't you do anything about it?" "Because, my dear, if I stop to take up all such matters as this I will never reach the place to which I have started." "For what

place have you started?" To which he replied, "The United States Congress."

As to whether he took the wisest course, I leave to the decision of his friends in the first district of Tennessee and in the United States Congress.

Mr. Speaker, as previously intimated, Mr. BROWNLOW needs no monument of marble and stone to perpetuate his memory, for above all this is the affectionate and grateful regard and love of the people whom he so long and so faithfully represented.

Mr. Speaker, I desire to have published in the Congressional Record, as an appendix to my speech on our distinguished and much-loved Congressman, Hon. W. P. BROWNLOW, the speech made by the Rev. Dr. Ruble, chaplain of the National Soldiers' Home in Tennessee, which is as follows:

ADDRESS OF REV. J. A. RUBLE, CHAPLAIN MOUNTAIN BRANCH SOLDIERS' HOME, DELIVERED AT FUNERAL OF HON. W. P. BROWNLOW, JULY 11, 1910.

Our subject is a character at once great and unique. Losing his father at 10 years of age, with the handicap of poverty, as well as lack of early educational opportunities, nevertheless we see him rising until his name and influence became truly national. This is impossible anywhere except in a Republic, and rarely occurs here.

May we pause in the presence of the newly stirred earth to inquire how this occurs. In the exigencies of war, men attain dazzling heights, becoming really great with almost abrupt suddenness, but Col. BROWNLOW launched his bark on a placid sea, and amid the tranquil environments of peace did a work and reached an influence which will render his name immortal, giving him an exalted and permanent place among our national legislators. Estimated by his influence on the lawmaking power of one of the world's greatest nations, by what he achieved for his people, and also by his helpfulness in achievement for the whole Nation, we can but feel that he was truly great.

That we may better understand the work and worth of this man, let us pause a moment for analysis and comparison. Serving in Congress for 14 years, it is probable that history will attest the truthfulness of the statement that no other Congressman has been able to do more for his people, and but very few as much. Again, see him as he stands related to the many great illustrious lawmakers furnished by the grand old Volunteer State in her history spanning a period of more than a century of years.

Disclaiming a purpose, and deeply desiring to avoid being invidious, love for his memory and loyalty to truth will allow the statement that no other has ever wrought so fruitfully or achieved so much. Endowed far beyond the ordinary with resources almost limitless, he brought to his task untiring industry. He studied the needs of the people of his State and of the Nation, and in a continuous effort he dedicated his splendid powers of brain and heart to supply them, which effort was crowned with marvelous success.

The Mountain Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, with its cost of more than $2,000,000, located near Johnson City, Tenn., and which Corpl. Tanner, in the address on Decoration Day, May 30, 1910, characterized "Among all the branches of the National Soldiers' Home you stand as the capsheaf," the National Cemetery, located at Greeneville, Tenn., where repose the mortal remains of President Andrew Johnson, known among his people as the "Great Commoner," the fish hatchery at Erwin, Federal buildings at Bristol, Johnson City, and Greeneville, stand as monuments to his genius for hard and successful work.

He worked more hours per day and took less rest than any other man the speaker has ever known, and the fact that "his sun has gone down while it is yet day" attests the truth, well known among his friends, he died a martyr to hard work.

A most noteworthy characteristic of this public servant was his sympathetic heart power. Greatness of intellect renders achievement possible, but where this is reenforced by the warmth of heart power success is far greater and more satisfactory.

Into his great heart all classes and conditions of the people could enter and be made welcome without ringing the door bell. In the many, many that we have seen approach him, from the worthy old veteran on crutches to the struggling laborer, whose family was then suffering for the necessaries of life, he never

turned one away wounded, but when he could do no more he would send them away with the memory of a brother's tear.

He was truly national. In the points which differentiate the great parties he was Republican, but as Congressman he was the servant of all, and in his efforts to discharge the duties of accepted responsibility his efforts had in them far more of business than of sentimental politics, and while the congressional district which he served was a historic battleground in the sad and stormy days of the sixties, the position of this people being peculiar in that they were radically divided in their sympathies, many loving and clinging to the Confederate cause, more loving and clinging to the cause of the Union, thus causing the desolating waves of grim visaged war to sweep back and forth like a simoon, leaving the hates and prejudices as a blighting inheritance to the good people, here his marvelous influence as a peacemaker is seen and felt, so that when the end came the people, irrespective of party, felt that they had lost a real friend.

He was a firm believer in the Bible, believing that Jesus Christ stands for the highest good in the universe. He always felt and showed the greatest reverence for sacred things, and as the end approached he expressed faith in the spiritual and eternal, prayed earnestly and much, and invoked the prayers of others.

Mr. SPEAKER: The life of WALTER PRESTON BROWNLOW presents a most interesting and unique history. In its varied lines and endeavors it forms a book of life that deserves study and admiration. Every incident and event in this remarkable man's life, from his early youth to manhood, marks him as possessed of an energy, determination, and courage that never hesitated or faltered when difficulties, obstacles, or embarrassments were encountered—and there were more of them in his life than any public man of my acquaintance—and no one met them more courageously and more successfully than WALTER P. BROWNLOW.

Like a great many of the great and distinguished public men of our country, his educational opportunities were very limited, but he eminently possessed as a natural gift a fund of good common sense and judgment of men and things that a curriculum of college life could not bestow. It is said, and it is true, that the lives, character, and disposition of men are formed and shaped irresistibly by the conditions, events, and circumstances that surround them in the developing period of youth. It was not so with Mr. BROWNLOW. He was reared midst the storms of passion, bloodshed, violence, and hatred, that split asunder the people of east Tennessee in the evil days of the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865.

His distinguished uncle, William G. Brownlow, with the potent prestige of the Knoxville Whig, of which he was the famous editor and owner, was an unexcelled factor in retaining the loyalty of his people for the cause of the Union. WALTER, his nephew, embraced with all

his heart the cause of the Union. Many, a great many, of his neighbors, friends to his own family, his associates, gave their hands and hearts to the cause of the South. All the horrors of an internecine local war, more so than in any of the border States of the South, were enacted in the mountains of east Tennessee. But when peace came and the cause of the Union had triumphed, I affirm with confidence that no trace of harshness, no feeling of resentment for the South or its brave followers, ever found an abode in the generous and kind heart of WALTER P. BROWNLOW. He was in the broad acceptation of the term a southern man, with a heart of yearning sympathy for the people of the South. He was always ready and willing with hand and heart to use his great influence in Congress to help his southern colleagues. That was said of him by all men who knew him.

MR. BROWNLOW demonstrated in his successful career that he was a great leader of men. No man environed and besieged with as bitter and hostile political factions, constantly seeking his overthrow, could have defeated their machinations, save a great masterly political genius that made no blunders or mistakes. His triumphs in the first Tennessee congressional district are simply a marvelous record, and it is not the province of a brief sketch like this to present even its outlines. He was in all respects and in all things a loyal Republican, true to the edicts of his party, its platforms, and principles. Necessarily his success aroused jealousies and envies and made for him many strong and bitter enemies, but his true and steadfast friends were far more numerous. He was elected seven times in succession to Congress, and twice the Republican Party of Tennessee conferred on him the honor of a nomination to the United States Senate, and the Republican members of the Tennessee Legislature gave him their cordial support.

In many respects the strenuous struggles that Mr. BROWNLOW encountered in life and successfully overcome created a strong resemblance to the life of Andrew Johnson, one of the ablest public men produced by our country. No two men engaged actively in the live politics of the State of Tennessee during the span of their natural lives were the continuous targets of bitter political factional warfare in their own parties so much as Andrew Johnson and WALTER P. BROWNLOW. The eminent success of each of these two men is an interesting and instructive chapter in the political history of Tennessee. They both have demonstrated what an American youth, unarmed and unequipped in education and unaided by wealth and influential friends, can accomplish in life by an energy that never tires and a determination whose only end is success. It is doubtless true that the most valuable lessons of education are acquired by men who tread such thorny paths, beset with troubles and snares. But the simile between these two noted men, whose turbulent political careers are more familiar to the people of Tennessee than of other States of the Union, is that in all the factional political wars made on each of them no opponent—no personal or political enemy—no one was ever heard to charge that one cent of public money had ever clung improperly to their hands. They were honest, and their constituents knew it. And it was this trait of character, unimpeached and unimpeachable, that was the crowning factor of the triumphs of the lives of Andrew Johnson and WALTER P. BROWNLOW.

If we judge public servants by their achievements in behalf of their constituents, then Mr. BROWNLOW easily takes first rank among southern statesmen of the past 50 years. He made few speeches in Congress, but he did his work in a quiet, calm, dignified, courteous manner that made him friends and achieved success. However

much he loved Tennessee and the Union of States, yet his first and greatest love was for the people of the first Tennessee congressional district. He believed that the people of his district justly deserved liberal appropriations from the Federal Treasury for needful improvements, and without ostentation or vain boastings his efforts were rewarded with a marvelous success. My first acquaintance with Mr. BROWNLOW was in January, 1901, soon after I entered Congress. The bill for the establishment of the National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., was under consideration before the House of Representatives, and after many speeches on the floor the vote was about to be taken. He came on the Democratic side and took his seat by me. He said to me in a sincere and earnest tone: "I need one more speech for my bill, and it must come from a Confederate soldier who saw service on the field of battle. Won't you make it for me?" I consented, made the speech, and the bill was passed. With his face beaming with a happy, bright smile, he came to me, grasped my hand, and said, "Call on me whenever I can serve you or your people."

And as I recall the 10 years of service with him in Congress that followed, no man could have more cheerfully and willingly fulfilled the promise he made me.

Several beautiful Government buildings, the Soldiers' Home and a fish hatchery, and many other substantial monuments located in the first Tennessee congressional district, representing an expenditure of millions of dollars from the Federal Treasury, stand as silent tributes to the fidelity of WALTER P. BROWNLOW to the interests of the people who honored and trusted him so long. It was his success, his devotion to his public duties, that won for him that confidence of his people; that caused the poisoned shafts of political enemies to fall harmless at his feet. His success and his achievements in Congress

bewildered and confounded the schemes of envious men who sought his overthrow. In his public life the inestimable value of a people's confidence was well demonstrated and emphasized. His death marked the fall of one of the most noted of the many great men that Tennessee has produced. It is now, after he is gone, that the full measure of the man and his works can be fully understood and appreciated. His place will be hard to fill.

He has passed forever from the scenes of his struggles and victories. He sleeps in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn. It was eminently proper to bury him there, for the home was the creation of his own indefatigable energy. It was the pride of his heart. The brave, war-scarred veterans of the Union Army, who are kindly and gratefully sheltered by that beautiful home by a liberal and generous Government, can well afford to pause midst the scenes of their departing lives and shed a tear over the grave of WALTER P. BROWNLOW.

Address of Mr. Houston, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I came to-day to offer my tribute to the memory of my deceased friend and colleague.

Few names have been more familiar to the people of Tennessee for the last quarter of a century than that of Walter P. Brownlow. While he lived in the extreme eastern part of the State, his name was familiar to every section and in every county of our Commonwealth. Not only was he known and honored by his own party during these years, but the people of all parties were familiar with his name and with his work, and looked upon him with admiration and respect. For many years he was a strong and controlling factor in the Republican Party of Tennessee. While his influence was dominant in the party, he was familiarly, and I might say affectionately, called the "easy boss," and this expression was significant of the manner and way he exercised power and even control in his party. While he was a Republican, he was more essentially a Tennessean and a southerner. No interest of Tennessee, no interest of the South ever appealed to him in vain. In his loyalty to his section he was unfailing, and he brought into activity a vigor, a persistence, and determination to be of service to his people that has rarely been excelled. His lusty intellectual and physical manhood was untiring in his efforts to promote their interests, and the success that attended these efforts has been surpassed by few men in his time. There are many monuments to his untiring labors in east Tennessee and elsewhere. My colleague who has preceded me has

called attention to many of them. These will stand as testimonials of his devotion to his country and the success that attended his efforts. His buoyant nature, his strong faith, and invincible will gave to him an energy and a courage that never failed, and in the accomplishment of his purpose few men wrought better than he.

Descended from that hardy pioneer stock that won the Battle of Kings Mountain WALTER P. BROWNLOW inherited the patriotism that inspired his life and, reared in the mountains of east Tennessee, his character was marked by that hardy patriotism and invincible will that comes naturally from such antecedents and surroundings.

My acquaintance with him covered a period of many years in a casual way, and, while I had seen but little of him personally until I came to the Fifty-ninth Congress, I knew much of his public service. He loved his country and he loved his fellow men. He was devoted to the public interest and few men served it more diligently or accomplished so much in the way of acquiring material benefits for his people. In addition to this he loved his fellow men and his life was full of good deeds and kindly ministrations. He loved to render assistance and to extend the helping hand, and untold numbers bear testimony in their hearts to the kind deeds and generous help of this kindly man. Few men gave so much of their time to aid and help those in trouble and few men literally cared for so many people. No man was more loyal to his party or more intensely a believer in its doctrine, yet no man hesitated less to step across party lines to support a measure he believed was right.

He was essentially southern in all of his instincts. He loved the South with all the strength of his great heart and he stood by her interests as he saw it regardless of party ties. It was his misfortune that the Republican Party in his own State was divided in factions in the last

years of his life; and being an ardent and earnest man, he incurred the strong opposition of one faction of his party. This opposition, I think, will now be recognized as a political antagonism only, and I believe those of the opposing faction to him will lose sight of their former differences and now remember only the ardent, generous, kindly man; and that now, after life's fitful fever is over and he has been laid to rest in the mountains of his own native country, his personal virtues, his warm heart, and his generous devotion to his friends and his country will be the characteristics that are remembered.

For many years I have had a warm and intimate relationship with some members of his family connections and have had occasion to know much of the place he held in their hearts and their regard for him, and the affectionate pride with which they looked upon him; and this is a testimonial of his inner life that furnishes one of the best tests to the real man. Those who knew him best in his home life, as well as in his public walks, believed in him with a faith and confidence that amounted to veneration. And, after all, the love and confidence of those who know the home life is the best evidence and truest test of the real man.

The public life of this man is a striking example of what may be done and accomplished by indomitable will and never-tiring energy. He was born of a family that were among the striking characters and distinguished figures in the history of Tennessee. His early life was surrounded with stirring events and great political agitation. He was thrown upon his own resources at an early and tender age, and he made his way, step by step, overcoming difficulties, and steadily forged to the front. He seemed equal to every condition and made headway in every struggle from apprentice boy, locomotive engineer, newspaper reporter, and editor to various positions of

honor and responsibility in his own party and finally to the position of Representative in this House. Here he found the field for his great energy and activity, and in this position his work for his section and his country was remarkably successful. Few Members of Congress have done more for their districts than he. He was a working Member of Congress. He was not given to much speaking on the floor of the House, and rarely could it be charged to him that he wasted the time of the House in futile declamation or vain discussion. But when the occasion arose upon questions close to his heart, especially those affecting the interest of his own section, he showed a vigor and power of a high order. One notable occasion of this was when he had a measure pending before the House to protect and preserve the burying place of Andrew Johnson, which lies in the district which was represented by Mr. BROWNLOW.

There developed on the floor a good deal of opposition among the members of his own party to the proposed legislation, and it looked as if the bill would be defeated; but Mr. BROWNLOW came to the rescue with a vigor and an eloquence that surprised the Members of the House. In paying a tribute to the loyalty of east Tennessee, he described the conditions under which the boys from the mountains and valleys of east Tennessee enlisted in the Union Army, showing that it was not done to the "roll of the stirring drum and the trumpet that sings of fame," but that the boys received their mothers' blessings secretly at the back door and told their sweethearts goodbye down by the spring by the light of the stars, and made their way to the Federal Army in secret and under cover of night. The effect of his words on this occasion gained for his bill the support that secured its passage. This was an example of the strength he could bring to bear when the occasion demanded.

The career of Walter P. Brownlow is but another striking example of what may be accomplished by will and resolution. Without the advantages in early life that come from wealth and fortune, without these he struck out on his own resources. He had vigor of mind and body, and boldly he set forth with an ambition and faith that never faltered; and with this capital he wrought, and thus he developed the strong man that overcame difficulties and commanded the confidence and support of his countrymen.

The friends that he had and their loyalty to him bear testimony to his own unfailing devotion to his friends.

In middle age, long before his life had reached the allotted span, he was called to go. His years, though not great in number, were stirring and eventful, and his life, measured by the deeds done and work accomplished, reached a full standard.

His taking off in the prime of life and the sudden termination of a career but lately so buoyant with expectation and full of promise is another reminder that at any hour the summons may come, and bids us stand ready for the call. These dispensations are dark and inscrutable to us, but let us hope that to him there is no shadow, no mystery, but that all is glorified with that Light that is neither of the sun, the moon, nor the stars.

Address of Mr. Hawley, of Oregon

Mr. Speaker: In memory of the distinguished Member from Tennessee, Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, I desire to speak a few words and to present an attribute of his character which strongly appeals to me, and which my colleagues here and his friends elsewhere appear to regard as among his most distinguishing traits.

As said in Tennyson's In Memoriam, he was the man of "the larger heart, the kindlier hand."

This life is a pleasant vale between the dreamless world of the unborn and the undreamed-of world of those who die no more. Coming into it, the Creator touches our existence with an immortal spark; and if we cherish this as the years come and go, it becomes a light whose color and brilliance distinguish us from our fellows.

This Member from Tennessee attracted us all to him by the simple manliness of his character, the unsullied generosity of his nature, the kindliness of his purposes, and his helpfulness. Every man has a great gallery of memories, which begins with the earliest recollection and continues to his latest hour. On the walls of that gallery are pictures that memory has painted of the things that have attracted him most, of the persons whom he has loved best.

There is a memory picture of his mother before which countless perpetual candles burn, each lit in honor of some act of her changeless and unselfish care and love. And in sequence appear pictures hung there of the dreams of youth and the purposes of manhood by ambitions and ideals, of deeds of love or might, by faith and hope, so that if we could enter and, passing through, survey them all we would know each heart as it is known by the

recording angel. Into this holy place few are ever admitted. Only personal love or personal attraction opens such doors, for herein is disclosed the naked soul of man. Sometimes in great public stress or by reason of personal affection the gallery is opened and we stand before the hidden thoughts and the secret places of a human soul. It was my fortune once on an occasion to see the man in whose solemn memory we hold these services open his heart, and the beauty of that inmost picture and the glory of its illumination have lingered in my memory. The act done was not one of great distinction, but rather one of the kindliness most characteristic of true manliness, a helping of the helpless, a hand stretched out in aid when there seemed to be none that heard. I have read that the blue dome that spreads above us, the inverted cup of the sky, gets its color from the tiniest particles of dust arising from the surface of the earth or drifting in from interstellar space; that the pencils of white light coming from the sun, containing all the rays of light, have broken out from them their feeblest ray—the little blue ray—and that the particles of dust, like swinging mirrors in the sky, fill all the expanse of heaven with color grateful to the eye and alluring to the heart as the symbol of universal love and trust.

I have read further that the moisture rising from the ground is invisible, and that it can not condense except upon a foreign substance; that it floats in the sky until condensed on the dust into clouds, full of the attractiveness of color and of harvests yet to be; that if not so upheld, the moisture would settle down upon the earth, condensing on every object it touched, until everything dripped with water; but it is said the dust with its tiny fingers catches the invisible moisture of the air, condenses it, carries it over vast spaces inland until it

descends in dew and rain to make fertile the fields and to nourish the harvests for the comfort and benefit of man. So that to the smallest things we owe the morn in russet mantle clad, the colors of clouds, and the blessing of the early and the later rain. The world is not made up of great deeds. Kindly deeds are the color and substance of life. The world is not distinguished in the last analysis by the great deeds of great men, important and admirable though they be, but the world as we know it is made up of the countless thousands of loving kindnesses of the innumerable throng of us all. They are the foundations on which we build neighborhoods, communities, cities, States. And this man, though he had many admirable qualities and was distinguished in many ways, in whose memory many worthy words have been said and will yet be said, was a man whose distinctive characteristic was his constant and unheralded rendering of assistance and the doing of the kindnesses that take the anguish out of life and put the joy in—the most kindly attribute of human nature.

Affection, kindness, the sweet offices of love and duty, were to him as needful as his daily bread.

> That best portion of a good man's life—
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

As I have heard told the processes of his rise and advancement, and how he moved from one place in life to a higher place, I call to memory the words, as fittingly applied to him:

> Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> While the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

And this man, a friend of us all, year by year, as measured by his achievements, by his advancement, built him a dome more vast until in the fullness of his development he was set free. He will go from the field where he sowed material for a grateful harvest of good with great rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him, to render his accounting to the dread Lord of all the earth.

Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I greatly fear that the condition of my voice will deprive me of an opportunity of speaking of our departed colleague as I should desire. It is not my purpose to-day to speak words of fulsome praise or of foolish flattery.

It is my desire to speak of Mr. Brownlow in words of truth and soberness as I knew him from our association together in our work; to give the impress that his life and fellowship made upon me.

He was a man of intelligence. By that I do not mean simply that he was one of the species of intelligent beings, but I mean that he was a man possessing an intellect of that high order and character that gave him a high and comprehensive grasp of the condition of the country, of the State, of public affairs, and lifted him into a region of the higher and nobler and better impulses which characterize the action and conduct of men as individuals and of people.

He was a man of honor. I would not say that he did not have diplomacy. It would be unworthy of him to say that he was lacking in the proper appreciation of that tact which we call diplomacy that adapts conduct to conditions. But I wish to emphasize the fact that the spirit of honor moved his conduct with the purpose of sincerity and integrity which characterized his life. If there was one thing above another that we can emphasize in the life of Walter Brownlow, it was, as was often spoken of him, that his word was as good as his bond.

He realized and appreciated the value of sincerity of conviction, integrity of purpose, honor of conduct, and fulfillment of promise. I do not conceive any attribute of a man's life that deserves more emphasis, that is worthy of more praise, than to speak of the man and to say of him that he loved honor for honor's sake.

He sought the principle of the good and attempted to measure his life and his dealings with his fellows according to the standard that addresses itself to that higher and nobler conception of humanity that is true, real, and genuine. Moreover, he was a man of a kindly heart. I do not recall at this time a man that you could approach with more confidence of a kindly response to a generous appeal than Walter Brownlow. It was one of the attributes of his life, the warmness, the kindliness of his heart, and the sincerity of his affections. An appeal which carried with it the element of sympathy, a demand which had in it the characteristic of human kindness always found in the heart of Walter Brownlow a generous response. In his soul he had the milk of human kindness that always responded generously to a worthy appeal.

He was a man of character. I mean by that stability, purpose, fixedness of purpose, an ideal that rose above the petty trickery of life and found lodgment that gave expression to those characteristics, those elements of human life that measure our purpose and characters, our aims and our destinies.

He was a man who possessed those elements of character that form the warp and the woof of our being, that give stamina and stability to life, and lift to that plane of moral, social, and intellectual excellency that command the respect and the confidence of every man who loves the truth and admires integrity. Such a man of character was Walter P. Brownlow.

He was a man of fine, practical efficiency, and by that I mean a man of usefulness. He was not an idle dreamer. He did not spend his life in dreaming dreams that never realize. He believed in the practical things of life. He understood human nature; he understood the motives of men and how to deal with them, and how to accomplish results. The illustrations which have been given by others who have spoken to-day testify to the practical efficiency, the everyday usefulness of the life of this man. His life work left its impress upon his country for good and for its upbuilding.

If you go among individuals many there are who can say, "I am glad that WALTER BROWNLOW lived and that I associated with him and was in touch with his life." Many are they who, testifying individually, can prove his good works. And if we look collectively to the country many are the fruits of his labors that not only to-day, but in the years to come, will be living witnesses of the value of his life and testify the good he did and the impress he made upon his country for its uplift and its upbuilding.

Into that other life, which the soul of man craves as the higher and better life, he has gone, and we speak our conviction and our belief that he entered it facing his fellows and his God with that conviction which comes from duty well performed. We often moralize, Mr. Speaker, and we often speculate upon that life which is beyond. It is not my purpose to-day to engage in it. I simply wish, however, to express this thought: That whatever life hereafter is reserved for the true, the generous, the honorable, and the good, WALTER BROWNLOW will find his fellowship and association with them.

We speak often of the grave eternal; we speak of one being in the grave forever. I do not so believe or regard it. As I stand at the grave of a loved one or a friend

there comes to me the memory of the words of the angel who went early in the morning to the grave on the memorable occasion and said to the women, "He is not here; He is risen." And as I stand at the grave of one whom I love I lift my eyes above the grave toward that higher and better life and say of my friend, "He is not here; he is risen into that glory reserved for the true and the good."

Address of Mr. Byrns, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I consider it a sad privilege to have this opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of our deceased colleague, Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, who for so many years faithfully and ably represented the first congressional district of Tennessee. Mr. Brownlow was first elected to Congress in 1896, and from that time until July 9, 1910, when he quietly passed away at his home in Johnson City, he held, in the very largest measure, the esteem and affection of the people who had seven times honored him with their suffrages. There was a good reason, Mr. Speaker, for the confidence which his people placed in him. He never betrayed the trust which they bestowed upon him. He never lost an opportunity to serve them and the State from which he came. He was intensely loyal to Tennessee. He loved her people, their history, and their traditions, and the time never was when he was not willing to devote his tireless energy to the upbuilding of his State and the advancement of her people.

It is not my purpose in the brief remarks which I shall make to comment particularly upon what he accomplished for his district and his people. I shall leave that for those who served with him for a longer time in this House. But it may be truthfully said that no Member of Congress—certainly none from the South—ever secured more material and substantial benefits for his district than did Mr. Brownlow. It is no doubt true that his success along this line was in part due to the fact that he

belonged to and held high place in the councils of the dominant party in the administration of our national affairs during all the years of his public service, and to the further fact that for many years he was a member of one of the most important and influential committees of Congress. But his success was also due to his wisdom and foresight, his thorough knowledge of men, and his ability to recognize and grasp every opportunity which was afforded to secure an appropriation for his district in the form of some public improvement. And, in all candor, it may be said that on such occasions he did not stop to consider the cost to the Treasury. Mr. Brownlow was entirely practical in his ideas of legislation. He knew that each year Congress would appropriate a certain amount of money for public improvements, and he made no concealment of his purpose to secure as large a share as might be possible for his district.

I would not be understood as holding that an ability to secure large appropriations from the Public Treasury is an evidence of high statesmanship. Neither did Mr. Brownlow have such an idea. He knew that the true value of a Representative's service to his district and his people does not consist in his capacity to secure large appropriations of the people's money for the benefit of his particular district; that securing a public building or improvements of a local value and interest is not of itself an evidence of statesmanship. His talents and energies were by no means confined to endeavors to obtain local advantages. His keen knowledge of men and his conservative judgment was of potent value to his party in the consideration of legislation on the floor, and particularly in the important committee of which he was a member and to which he gave his undivided time and attention. He was quiet and unostentatious in all that he undertook. He was no orator, nor did he aspire to be one. He never

sought to cultivate the graces of oratory in order to attract attention to himself. He preferred rather to do his work quietly in committee and on the floor and to trust to results to vindicate the confidence which his people had imposed in him. And yet, Mr. Speaker, there were occasions when he expressed himself with a force and vehemence which showed that whenever the necessity arose he was abundantly able to take care of himself and a cause in which he believed. Perhaps the most striking instance of this fact, as well as of his intense love for Tennessee and the history of her distinguished sons, is to be found in his earnest and eloquent defense of that great commoner, Andrew Johnson, against the post-mortem attack upon his character which appeared in a book containing the personal recollections of Senator William Stewart. This book gave publicity and credence to false insinuations and unfounded rumors concerning the character and habits of Johnson, which were inspired by the rancorous bitterness of the dark days of reconstruction when Johnson, as the President of a reunited people, sought to give aid and comfort to the brave but suffering Southland.

Mr. BROWNLOW knew how unfounded these attacks were and how great was the injustice done to the memory of Johnson and his family. He represented the district which Johnson formerly had represented in Congress—a district in which Johnson had lived and died and where his remains now repose. He knew Johnson's history from the early days of poverty, through all the struggling years until he reached the highest office in the land. And when, long years after his death, cruel and false accusations were penned as historical facts, Mr. BROWNLOW was quick to refute and denounce them. He did not pause to reflect that Johnson was a Democrat and he a Republican. Nor did he stop to question what some of his

Republican associates might think of his rushing to the defense of a Democrat against the attacks of a fellow Republican. He did not care what they or others might think. He only knew that the memory of a distinguished son, whom Tennessee had many times delighted to honor, had been unjustly assailed. Mr. Brownlow was first a Tennesseean and then a Republican. And, Mr. Speaker, this sense of justice and fair play in all things and toward all men was one of the chief elements of his character. While perhaps the most striking, this is by no means the most convincing evidence of the loyalty of Mr. Brownlow to Tennessee and her people. There are many Tennesseeans in the Government service to-day who can testify to his kindliness and to his willingness to serve those who appealed to him for aid. I have often heard him say that when his influence and help was sought by a Tennesseean in the service of the Government he never stopped to ask the politics of those asking his assistance. There are hundreds in the service to-day who will keep his memory ever green in their hearts because of some generous, kindly, and friendly service done them.

Undoubtedly the achievement of which Mr. Brownlow was most proud was his work in securing an appropriation of more than $2,000,000 to erect a national soldiers' home on the outskirts of his home town, Johnson City. The erection of this splendid home so far south was a great achievement and shows the great influence and personal popularity he possessed in Congress.

As a result largely, if not altogether, of his efforts, this magnificent home was built under sunny southern skies, amid the splendid mountains and beautiful hills of east Tennessee and in close proximity to those great battle fields of the South, where was proven the prowess of those who wore the blue and the gray, and where glory and luster was shed upon American valor and American

manhood. This great home stands as a lasting monument to the memory of Mr. BROWNLOW, and the old soldiers who wore the blue, and who in their declining years find shelter and comfort under its roof, are living reminders of his devotion to them and the cause for which they fought and in which he steadfastly believed. And it was but fitting, when the inexorable and merciless hand of death beckoned to BROWNLOW and his earthly career was finished, that his mortal remains should have been laid to rest beneath the greensward which surrounds the home in which he took such a pardonable pride.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. BROWNLOW was a man of firm and positive convictions. There was no halfway ground with him. He had strong views upon all subjects, and, having the courage of his convictions, he never hesitated to give expression to them. He was a party man in the strictest sense of the word. In short, he was a partisan. He believed in parties and party organization as necessary to the proper administration of government. He stood steadfastly by his party's organization and never failed to vote with it on all measures which involved party principle or party procedure. But while this was true, he was broad and liberal in his ideas, and his respect for the opinions of others was such that he entertained no ill will or unkindly feeling toward any man who might differ with him or who belonged to the opposite political party. Intensely loyal in his friendships, always courteous and ever obliging, he numbered among his warm friends many of his Democratic colleagues, and it affords me, a Democrat, believing just as firmly and unalterably in Democratic principles as he believed in Republican principles, a sad but sincere pleasure to testify to-day to his great worth as a man, his eminence as a citizen, his

usefulness as a public servant, his loyalty to his people, and his patriotic devotion to his country.

From an humble beginning Mr. Brownlow rose to a high place in the confidence of his people and in the legislative councils of his country, as a result of his untiring energy, his indomitable pluck, his good sense, and his sterling worth. In his early years he was trained in the school of stern necessity. Later on he became the secretary of his uncle, Hon. William G. Brownlow, known as "Parson" Brownlow, and one time governor of Tennessee. Mr. Brownlow often referred with pride and gratitude to the training he had received under his distinguished uncle, and attributed to it much of the success which he subsequently achieved. He possessed the spirit of optimism to a very rare degree. It was not his custom to complain at fate or misfortune. He believed always in the eternal fitness of things, and it was a part of the philosophy of his religion to look on the sunny side of life. No higher tribute could be paid to him than to say that he sought to be faithful in all things, that he tried to do the right as God gave him light to see the right. Hence it was, sir, that when fatal disease placed its relentless hand upon him and he was warned that the time of his departure was near at hand, he could meet his fate with cheerful fortitude and serenity, and—

> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. Austin, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: It is with the most profound feeling of sorrow that I rise to say a few words in memory of the Hon. Walter Preston Brownlow, a Representative in this body from the first district of Tennessee, who died at the National Soldiers' Home near Johnson City, Tenn., on the 8th day of July, 1910. Not only was he my colleague here officially, but for many years he was an intimate companion—my guide, counselor, and friend—and I miss him as I would a dear and valued kinsman. I was fortunate enough to be associated with him in the discharge of the duties of his office when he was the Doorkeeper of this House, and also when he first became a Representative in this body, and in all our intercourse I am proud and pleased to say that I can not recall a discordant word or thought between us; but, on the contrary, there was the utmost harmony of purpose and action, and he always manifested a warm and unmistakable regard that was a source of the greatest pride and value to me. His advice and assistance in the performance of my duties and in personal matters, particularly in politics, can not be overestimated in its importance, and he rendered me this assistance disinterestedly and without the least ungraciousness or expectation of return. His death, it is needless to say, is a source of the greatest loss to me, both personally and officially, which I realize every day. The State of Tennessee, too, will feel his loss sensibly, and the first district will never have the good fortune to have his equal as a faithful and successful Representa-

tive. As for Mr. Brownlow, with my partial eyes I could see no blemish in his character:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man."

Mr. Brownlow was born on the 27th day of March, 1851, in Abingdon, Va., where for three years he attended private schools. His father dying when the boy was quite young, he was thrown upon his own resources, and was compelled to help in his own support and to otherwise assist his mother, working as a telegraph messenger boy when he was only 10 years of age. At 14 he became an apprentice in the tinning business, and later on learned to be a locomotive engineer. In these vocations he deported himself creditably, as he did in all his subsequent fields of employment. In selecting the latter occupation, Mr. Brownlow, young as he was, it is worthy of notice, was actuated by a strong sense of duty besides that of help to his family. He had in mind the importance of the work he was to do and the help he might be to humanity; and in this he was conscious, as we all are, that to the locomotive engineers the world is under a deep debt of gratitude. It is wonderful to think of the number of human lives and the millions of property that are every day intrusted to and dependent upon the sobriety, nerve, the skill, the fidelity, and the courage of these men. Their duties are among the noblest and most important of the various occupations of human life, and their compensation should be among the highest given to any class of our public servants.

In this employment, however, Mr. Brownlow did not continue very long. He aimed at something which the world regards as still higher than the care of a locomo-

tive—something that was calculated to bring him fame and a greater income. He was ambitious to become a newspaper man, and with this feeling he obtained employment as a reporter for the Knoxville Whig and Chronicle, a paper that under the management and ownership of his uncle, the celebrated William G. Brownlow, popularly known as "Parson" Brownlow, previously a Senator of the United States, became one of the most widely known and influential periodicals in the country. He did not find it necessary to remain with his uncle more than a year. In 1876 he made arrangements to go into business for himself, and to this end purchased the Herald and Tribune, a Republican newspaper issued at Jonesboro, Tenn., since which time he has continued as its editor and proprietor, both to his own and his party's advantage. At the same time he entered actively into politics and soon became a representative man. He was a delegate from his district to the Republican national conventions of 1880, 1896, and 1900, and a delegate at large to the national conventions of 1884 and 1904. In 1880, besides, he was chairman of the Republican congressional committee of his district, and in 1882 was elected a member of the Republican State committee, serving eight years as such, during one-fourth of which period he was chairman. In all this political service, it may be added, he was not content to occupy simply a nominal position; he was not a mere figurehead; he was throughout active in the work and rendered his party essential and universally recognized assistance. It is largely owing to this that his own congressional district is one of the few districts in all the South that remain in the Republican column.

In March, 1881, he was appointed postmaster of Jonesboro, his home town, but resigned a few months thereafter to accept the position of Doorkeeper of the House

of Representatives, which he held during the whole of the Forty-seventh Congress. In 1884, 1896, 1900, and 1904 he was elected by the delegations from his State to the national Republican conventions as Tennessee's member of the national executive committee, and was unanimously elected chairman of the Republican State executive committee by the members of that body for 1898 and 1899. He was also elected by Congress to be a member of the Board of Managers for the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. Twice was he nominated for United States Senator, and in 1898 he was elected as Tennessee's member of the national Republican congressional committee. His most important honors, however, were comprehended in his election as Representative in Congress, being successively chosen to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, and Sixty-first Congresses as a protectionist Republican in a district formerly represented by Andrew Johnson as a free-trade Democrat. During this long-continued service Mr. Brownlow was quite active, seldom, indeed, appearing on the floor of the House as a prominent debater; but being nearly always a member of some of the most important committees of the House, he was enabled to take a decisive part in the shaping and enactment of legislation. One of the most interesting measures, originated and enacted largely through his influence and efforts, was the establishment of what is known as the Mountain Branch of the National Soldiers' Home, situated near Johnson City, Tenn., in a most healthy and lovely location—one of the most attractive and valuable soldiers' homes in the country.

Not only was he instrumental in having this charming institution created, but he has given sedulous attention to its improvement and its growing wants, never neglecting an opportunity to add to its beauty and its usefulness,

as well as to the individual comfort and pleasure of its occupants. His connection with this benevolent work is alone enough to warrant his occupancy of a niche in the Temple of fame. It places him alongside of some of the most distinguished personages in the history of the world—beside Queen Mary, of England, the wife of William the Third, to whose tender interest in the welfare of the disabled mariners of her country the naval home at Greenwich owes its establishment; beside Gen. Winfield Scott, the founder of the great soldiers' home at Washington; beside Napoleon Bonaparte, whose love for the old soldiers of France caused the foundation of the Home of the Invalides at Paris; and beside the great host of large-hearted and benevolent men and women all over the world who have turned aside from the private avocations of life to assist in the work of relieving the wants and adding to the pleasures and the comforts of the poor, the unfortunate, and the suffering in the great army of humanity.

As a Member of Congress Mr. BROWNLOW gave his zealous attention to much of the greatest business that came before that body. He neglected nothing pertaining to the duties of a national legislator, but it is a noticeable fact that does not detract a whit from his fame as a statesman that his first and most loving thought was for his State and his district. In his imagination the mountains of Tennessee were the most beautiful in the world. Her rivers were to him the most picturesque, and her brooks and rivulets made the sweetest of music. Her air was the balmiest that ever encircled the beautiful places of the earth, and her skies were not surpassed by those of Greece or Italy. Her fields, rich with the fruit of man's industry and intelligence, were not to be equaled anywhere in the world. Like all mountain-born men, he intensely loved his native soil, and when he left it, even

for a short time, he always longed to get back to it. His thoughts of the people were the same. He loved them, and they loved him. The women were all charming and interesting, and the men were all courageous and strong. Andrew Jackson once said, in speaking of the danger of a foreign war:

> Let it come. In a war we will beat them, sir; we can whip all Europe with United States soldiers. Give me a thousand Tennesseeans, and I'll whip any other thousand men on the globe.

These were somewhat the views of Mr. Brownlow; there was nothing too great for Tennesseeans! And in some respects I am inclined to agree with him. It has been my fortune to see a good deal of my own country, and of some foreign countries as well, and I can truthfully say that the people of Tennessee, east Tennessee included, of course, are among the most remarkable of them all. Let these people once see their duty and what can be reasonably expected of them, and they will perform it. If it is a question of "getting there," they will prove equal to the work and get there! Of the future of Tennessee Mr. Brownlow was very hopeful. He realized the wonderful natural resources of the State, and knowing the capabilities of her people, he saw with a prophet's vision that in time she would outstrip Pennsylvania and New York. Of the State's past history he was extremely proud. In the people's early struggles for the settlement and improvement of the country he read a record of heroism and patriotism that has not been surpassed by any people appearing in the pages of history; he could realize fully the efforts and environments of the early settlers of Tennessee, when every step was attended with danger, when every bush or tree was likely to conceal one or more red enemies, and when the women and children, left at home when the father was either at

work in the fields or on the hunt for food, were in constant fear of death or capture at the hands of merciless savages. He looked upon Kings Mountain, fought principally by Tennesseeans, North Carolinians, and Virginians, as the great battle of the War of the Revolution, where Cornwallis's men met their first defeat, and that this victory was but a prelude to Yorktown; and he regarded the leaders of the Tennessee pioneers—Sevier, Coffee, Donelson, White, Jackson, and others—as the greatest men in history. To Andrew Jackson in particular, the man who practically brought the Floridas, and indirectly Texas also, into the territory of the Union and gained the battle of New Orleans, assisted very largely by Tennesseeans, one of the greatest victories of record in the annals of mankind, he gave his highest praise and reverence. That unobtrusive monument in the garden of the Hermitage, where the remains of Jackson lie buried, and which to the citizens of Tennessee is perhaps the most cherished spot in all her fair domain, was worthy of every patriot's veneration. He thought that—

> Such graves as his are pilgrims' shrines,
> Shrines to no code or creed confined,
> The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind.

James Parton, in his Life of Andrew Jackson, gives the following as a carefully collated statement of the opinions of Francis P. Blair concerning the General, which though seemingly extravagant were no doubt sincere, and they probably came very near expressing the views of Mr. BROWNLOW:

> Mr. Blair deliberately concurs in Colbert's judgment that Andrew Jackson was the greatest man that ever lived—the bravest of the brave, the wisest of the wise, the most tender, the most resolute, the most devoted to this country, and the most eloquent

of human beings. Fighting men loved him for his valor and cowards loved him for the protection he gave them. No man and no combination of men could ever overcome him. He was victorious on every field. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Preston, Biddle, the United States Bank, the capitalists, the brightest men, and the most powerful agencies were leagued against him for eight years without gaining over him one important advantage. He attempted nothing which he did not accomplish. He gained constantly in Congress and left his party in a majority in both Houses. His eloquence surpassed that of the most renowned orators. When he grew warm in conversation and his gray bristles shook he thrilled the listeners' nerves and souls as no other man could thrill them. No man could resist the impetuous intensity of his speech. He was a man of absolute sincerity, incapable of duplicity or acting for effect. He loved the people with a deep, exhaustless love; believed in them; would have laid down his hoary head on the block for them and counted it gain and glory. He was the controlling soul of his administration at every moment of its existence.

All this may sound like the views of a man somewhat unbalanced in his mind, but we should remember that it is the deliberate opinion of a man of the greatest astuteness, one who seldom went astray himself; and if Mr. Blair entertained such views himself, we can not be very much astonished—making every allowance for the partiality of his friends and admirers—that most of the world should share his opinion. Andrew Jackson, in sober truth, was a wonderful man, and deserving of all the honors and the love which the citizens of Tennessee have heaped upon him.

To the other great men of Tennessee Mr. Brownlow gave almost unstinted admiration. And for Andrew Johnson, loaded as he was with the enmity of so many men, he had great respect. But there was another great man—one of his own kinsmen—the illustrious William G. Brownlow, to whom he could not render enough praise or admiration. "Parson" Brownlow was truly an ex-

traordinary man—an unflinching patriot, a man of such devotion to principle that he would have laid down his life rather than sacrifice his truth or his honor. His courage was of that rare order that no amount of danger or suffering could make him falter or give way in times of trial or difficulty, and his example and loyalty to his country were fruitful of benefit to his State and the Nation. After his election to the Senate of the United States, after the close of the Civil War, which elevation was in but a small measure a recognition of his unfaltering love of country and his devotion to duty, he was stricken with a nervous trouble, from which he suffered up to the day of his death; but it was a source of pride to his friends and relatives that this affliction, which he bore with resignation, was the only thing in the whole course of his life that had ever made him tremble. With nearly the whole disloyal element in Tennessee—perhaps in most of the South—embittered against him, imprisoned, and with the halter, metaphorically speaking, around his neck, he was true to his country and his convictions. He was, indeed, as Napoleon once said of the famous Gen. Desaix, "of the heroic mold of antiquity." Congressman BROWNLOW himself, and some of the Parson's direct descendants resembled him in these matters, and could, if circumstances had rendered it necessary, have displayed the same high degree of courage and loyalty.

In the final analysis of the character of WALTER PRESTON BROWNLOW there were several noticeable traits that are deserving of special mention.

He was, for example, perennially cheerful and kind. Nothing seemed to depress him or interfere with his customary spirit of accommodation and good humor. He could cast aside trouble without difficulty and deport himself as if misfortune and ill-will were total strangers

to him. A pathetic illustration of this was seen in his later years when he was threatened with total blindness. He was an object of much sympathy as he was led about by a guide, unable in many respects to care for himself; but he philosophically bore his misfortune, and was noted during even the worst of his trouble for his unfailing courtesy and good humor. Even if he had to fall, his optimistic and courageous spirit led him to feel that it was best to fall with his colors flying. On the eve of his last physical breakdown a remark is attributed to him, also quoted sometimes as a bon mot of the late Senator Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, which at once illustrates his wit and his unfailing serenity. In response to an inquiry as to his health, he said he ought not to complain or feel discouraged. "I am," said he, "simply like old Tom Henderson's wagon down here in Tennessee—all I need is a good body and a good running gear."

He was, besides, a man of great frankness and truthfulness. When necessary to state his views or come to a conclusion he did not beat about the bush. He was ready to express his convictions at all times and to let his determination be known. And his word could always be depended upon. He was not lavish of promises, but what he did promise he always meant to perform, and, indeed, his performance often went beyond his promise.

He had naturally a lively fancy, a happy abundance of wit and humor, and an admirable faculty for telling a story. In the exercise of this latter talent he resembled Abraham Lincoln and many other great raconteurs. His stories were generally used to enforce some truth or as accessories in the accomplishment of some high aim or great duty. His power of repartee, too, was quite remarkable. In conversation or public argument, on the "stump" or elsewhere, he was never taken at a disadvantage, either by legitimate means or by ill-mannered

interruption. He generally managed to place his antagonist in a position of embarrassment or discomfiture, but generally without any exhibition of malice or hostility. He always strove, on the contrary, to avoid wounding the feelings of either friend or foe. It was this happy spirit and his talent as a story teller that made him a favorite of such men as Gen. Garfield, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, and many other distinguished personages, who never failed to enjoy his quaint and original humor.

As a man of business Mr. BROWNLOW was reasonably successful. Beginning his career almost without a dollar, he ended life with, for Tennessee, an income adequate for the comfortable support of himself and family; and this, be it understood, without greed or dishonesty. He did not grind the poor, but always stood forward ready to help and serve them. He accumulated his estate without questionable means, and he bore his prosperity without vulgar ostentation or contemptible snobbery.

Finally, when the dread enemy of all of us approached, his end was characteristic of him. He made no indecent manifestation of the love of life. He knew when his end was approaching, and he received the announcement rather as a benediction than a blow. In the language of Bryant, he went away calmly and complacently:

> Sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, he approached his grave
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. Tilson, of Connecticut

Mr. Speaker: I am not a member of the Tennessee delegation and had not the pleasure of serving on any committee with the late Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, but I should be unwilling to let this occasion pass without saying a few words concerning his life, character, and public services.

I was born in the county where he lived, and lived there until I was 22 years of age, when I moved to the State which I now have the honor to represent on the floor of this House. I came to know Mr. Brownlow quite early in my life and had the pleasure of a somewhat intimate personal acquaintance with him from that time until his death. My father and my brothers were his personal and political friends, and I grew up in an atmosphere of friendliness toward him.

It seems to me that it can be well said of Mr. Brownlow that he was the product of his day and environment. He was but a boy during the troublous times of the Civil War, but was old enough to learn much from the experience and conditions of those days. School facilities in the part of the country where he lived at that time were seriously lacking, so that it was with difficulty that he acquired the elements of an education. It was also characteristic of the time and place that there was a general lack of ample means among the people of that section of the country.

Having obtained the rudiments of a school education he gained a much broader and more effective education

in the rough and tumble of experience. Along with his struggles he acquired habits of industry, tenacity, and pertinacity. He was a tireless worker, never left off when he had begun and never ceased effort until the thing attempted became an accomplished fact. That he was a man of unusual intellectual capacity has never been denied, even by his enemies—and he had enemies. It is also conceded by all that he was a man of forceful character. He became a leader of men, because the force of his character dominated men.

The faculty of expressing forcefully his thoughts and ideas was his in a very remarkable degree. Even in casual conversation his words fell like blows from a sledge hammer. He was particularly happy and entertaining when surrounded by a small circle of friends, and his fund of stories, abounding in homely wisdom, seemed inexhaustible.

He did not belong to the tribe of the self-righteous, neither was he to be found listed among the so-called reformers. If anyone had accused him of being such, the accuser would have run serious risk of being enlightened on the subject by one of those clear, concise, emphatic statements of forceful English falling like a thunderbolt from Olympus, for which he was so deservedly celebrated. He looked with suspicion upon much that parades itself under the guise of reform. He had come up by his own strength and effort out of adverse conditions and had climbed over obstacles to a position of leadership and usefulness. He had not created the rules or imposed the conditions of the game in which he was to play a part. He accepted these as he found them and lived and acted within their provisions. To his mind the burden was upon him who proposed a change to justify it. Unless this were done he was inclined to look upon it either as an attempt to gain some unwarranted

advantage or to impose upon an unsuspecting public by a hypocritical cry of reform.

He was a hater of shams. His strongest anathemas were reserved for the man who, on the hustings or in the legislative chamber, thunders loudly in the name of the people for what it may bring him in the way of notoriety or personal advancement while in private he seeks every possible advantage for himself and his own.

His creed of public service was simple and well known. He believed in doing things and getting things for his district and people. No Member of Congress ever worked more arduously or effectively for his constituents and district than did he. It was his aim to secure for them all that could possibly be secured within the rules of the game, and this aim and purpose he pursued with unusual ability. He helped others to secure things for their districts and constituents, and they in turn helped him. His aim, first, last, and all the time, was the accomplishment of results for his people. A catalogue of what he accomplished in this direction, some part of which has been and will be referred to here to-day, would be the strongest possible proof of the statement. And after all, while men are fond in the abstract of the high, the lofty, the ideal, yet when it comes down to the measurement of the effectiveness of a public servant it is only human nature to measure it by results. Measured by this standard, Mr. Brownlow ranks high among the men who do things. He will be long remembered by the people of the first congressional district, and all the rest of Tennessee, as well as the whole South, as a forceful and effective public servant who left behind him a record of things accomplished which it would be difficult to equal.

Address of Mr. Sims, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: The usual topics customary to be gone over in these eulogies of deceased Members have been so completely covered by the gentlemen who have preceded me on this occasion—Mr. Massey, Mr. Austin, Mr. Byrns, Mr. Padgett, Judge Houston, and others—that I shall not repeat what has been so well and so eloquently said by these gentlemen about the life, character, and services of our deceased colleague, Hon. W. P. Brownlow, but I shall relate some of those smaller occurrences of life which more often enable those who did not have personal knowledge of the deceased to form correct and lifelike conceptions of his distinctly personal characteristics than is otherwise possible.

I never knew Mr. Brownlow personally until the extra session of the Fifty-fifth Congress which convened in March, 1897. I found him to be a warm-hearted man, approachable and of easy acquaintance. I felt from the start as if I had known him all my life. His conversation was always entertaining, even on the most trivial subjects. He seemed to possess an inexhaustless fund of humor, and was unusually bright and original. In order that those who hear and those who may hereafter read these eulogies, I shall somewhat in detail relate some of the occurrences in the service of Mr. Brownlow coming under my personal observation which illustrate the temperament and humor of our late lamented colleague.

Soon after the commencement of the Spanish War Mr. Brownlow and I had joined in recommending to the President for appointment as brigadier general of volun-

teers from Tennessee a certain distinguished and well-known citizen of our State. A few days later I met Mr. BROWNLOW in the street and told him that I had heard that at least one of our Senators had refused to join us in our recommendation, stating that our man had no military training or experience and that it would be dangerous to have such a man in command of raw volunteers in battle. Mr. BROWNLOW replied that—

> the man you and I have recommended for brigadier general is like me. He knows the Tennessee boys are brave and impetuous and will fight anywhere, but he loves them too well to ever lead them into any place of danger; therefore, I stand by our man.

I never knew Mr. BROWNLOW to vote against or oppose any appropriation of money coming to the South. On one occasion when some bill was coming up for consideration he came over on the Democratic side and asked me to support the bill and to do all I could to get our side to do the same. I asked him, What about the merits? He replied:

> Oh, it is a steal, and that ought to make it popular on your side; but, in addition, it is coming South. If we vote for all the steals coming our way for the next hundred years we will not then get even with the North.

After several years' service Mr. BROWNLOW was appointed on the Committee on Appropriations, and by Members ahead of him going out of Congress and on other committees it was not long until he was near the head of the committee. It was but natural that I wanted to see him become chairman of the committee. So on a proper occasion I mentioned the matter to him and suggested that if he did not manifest a greater disposition toward economy in public expenditures that I feared he would never be made chairman of that great committee,

although he might be entitled to it by rank and seniority. He replied:

> Now, Sims, don't you worry about that; if these Yankees get all they want for the North and I get all I want for the South, there will not be anything left in the Treasury to appropriate long before I can get to the head of the committee.

It will be recalled that Vice President Fairbanks, during the campaign in which he was a candidate, was cartooned as a cold, icy man. He was represented as having icicles hanging from his hat brim and beard. I always thought that cartoon did Mr. Fairbanks great injustice. I have never known a man in public life more approachable or more kindly and sympathetic in his treatment of all people with whom he came in contact than was Mr. Fairbanks. It was not an unusual thing for the Vice President to invite a Member of the House to share with him his carriage on going to the Capitol in the morning. On one occasion as I was walking east on F Street I saw the Vice President's carriage in front of me with Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. BROWNLOW seated together and in conversation. In a moment the carriage stopped in front of a store and the Vice President alighted and passed into the building, while Mr. BROWNLOW remained seated in the carriage. When I came up even with him I halted and spoke to him and asked him where he was going. He replied:

> Oh, nowhere in particular; I am just taking a ride in the ice wagon.

His reply was so bright and so characteristic of the man that I could not keep it from the newspapers. Not long afterwards Mr. BROWNLOW got sharply after me for telling the occurrence to the newspaper boys, and said that if he got into any trouble with any of his bills in the

Senate on account of it he would have my seat contested and have me thrown out of Congress. I replied:

Just go ahead with your contest; the remark was worth a seat in Congress.

Only a few months after I began my first service in the extra session of 1897, Mr. Brownlow passed me in the corridor between this Chamber and Statuary Hall, where the telegraph operators are located, and noticed that I was sending a telegram and paying the charges on it. He said:

Sims, have you not got a book of telegraph franks yet?

I replied that I had not; that I did not know that such franks were to be had. He replied:

Well, make application for one immediately.

I replied:

How do you know that I want to use them?

He replied:

I don't care whether you use them or not, but I don't want the Western Union Telegraph Co. to know that Tennessee ever sent a man to Congress who did not have sense enough to know what was coming to him and how to get it.

Mr. Speaker, the membership of this House, like the world, is made up of all kinds of men of all kinds of personal characteristics. It is difficult to so treat, in a merely descriptive way, the lives of men so as to fully bring out these distinguishing characteristics.

I think few men were more original than Mr. Brownlow, and in order that those who follow him may know of some of the many peculiarly personal traits of this

many-sided man I have attempted, without embellishment or exaggeration, to relate some of those occurrences in actual life without which it is impossible to fully portray the real living WALTER PRESTON BROWNLOW.

He has been and will be very greatly missed in this House by those of us who had the good fortune to serve with and to know him intimately for so many years.

He was a true and steadfast friend, a devoted father and husband, and a loyal party man, but without partisan rancor and bitterness.

Mr. Speaker, we regret and grieve that we can never again meet him in these halls, that his voice is silenced forever, that his work is ended; but he will never be forgotten by any living man who ever knew him.

Address of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: Mr. Brownlow came from a family and a community with convictions. He had convictions and he had the courage to defend them. In my judgment these were the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Brownlow, and they are the qualities that have done most for the construction and development of this Nation. They are the qualities we most need in our American citizenship in the future as we have had in the past.

Mr. Brownlow came from a stock that has ever been tenacious of the principles it accepted as right. His family had that tenacity, as was well demonstrated in the public life of his distinguished uncle, "Parson" Brownlow. Both of them typified a community in the mountains of east Tennessee, which held to its political convictions throughout the terrors of the Civil War.

These people were within the confines of the territory which was openly at war with the Government, and yet they were openly and actively loyal to the Government and at war with the great majority of the Southern people. Mr. Brownlow well represented that people in their conviction, but without any evidence of the old internecine war spirit that prevailed in his State in an earlier day.

He was the friend of every man in this House, and the Members with whom he served were his friends. He was a Republican, believing in the policies of the Republican Party. He was an adherent of these principles openly under all conditions. His courage and his loyalty

gave him the respect and the friendship of men to whom he was opposed in politics.

He was not an orator, and never pretended to be that which he was not. He was industrious, earnest, and courteous, and he probably brought the people of his district into closer touch with the National Government than any other Representative who served them in the last half century.

Representing a constituency that had always kept the faith through good report and evil report, he was a true representative of that constituency under all conditions and at whatever cost; he was true to the policies in which he believed, and on one occasion was carried into this Hall to record his vote when his physician said it might cost him his life. He felt that his vote was needed and he came, regardless of the consequences to his health.

Address of Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: The State of Tennessee, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts—east, middle, and west Tennessee—and the sectional distinctions are recognized in the organic law of the State and play a very conspicuous part in all our relations—social, political, and otherwise. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that there is constitutional recognition of these divisions, since it tends to emphasize sectionalism; but, even if they were not thus recognized, this sectionalism would still obtain in some measure, because the divisions are perfectly natural, both historically and geographically. The State was settled by sections, the eastern part being first occupied by pioneers moving westward from the Carolinas and southwestward through the Gap from Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

From the eastern section, following the natural lines of travel, the population passed into the middle and founded settlements in what may be roughly termed the "plateau region." Only these two divisions had been settled at the time of the admission of the State into the Union in 1796, west Tennessee then being known as the western district. It was not until 1818, in fact, that the treaty was negotiated whereby the Indians were removed from this division and it was opened for settlement. It was rapidly divided into counties, and its fertility, combined with the cheapness of lands, caused an inrush by settlers. But while settled at different times, Tennessee's people, in the main, came from a common stock, so that while there has been inevitably a certain sectional spirit, yet

for the most part, by reason of the ties of common blood and descent, there has all along been a deep feeling of sympathy upon the broad question of State progress and development.

Our late colleague, Hon. WALTER PRESTON BROWNLOW, in memory of whom we are assembled to-day, represented the extreme eastern end of the State. His home town of Jonesboro is the oldest town in the Commonwealth, and his county—Washington—is the oldest county, having been organized while the State was a part of North Carolina. Living as I do in the extreme western part of the State, several hundred miles from his home, I did not meet Mr. BROWNLOW until I became a Member of Congress, although he was at the time the most conspicuous Republican in Tennessee. I soon grew to be quite well acquainted with him, however, after coming here, and learned to appreciate and esteem him for his many charming and potent characteristics. He was a genial, kindly gentleman. I have not known a man more ready to accommodate a friend. He was, too, a man of really great ability. I often wondered why he never cultivated the habit of engaging in the debates on the floor of the House. He possessed wide general information, was a man of decided convictions upon public questions, had as fine a sense of humor as any person I have ever known, and a gift of repartee that was superb. Had he chosen to do so, I have not the slightest doubt that he could have made a reputation for brilliancy in debate that would have equaled or surpassed his wide reputation as a practical legislator.

I have heard him frequently in private conversation make replies to sallies that if made on the floor of the House would have become classic as specimens of repartee.

He did not cultivate this faculty in debate here, however, but devoted himself assiduously to practical labors for his district and State.

Mr. Brownlow was one of the busiest men I have ever known and had a capacity for sustained labor that was surprising. For many years he was the recognized head of his party in his State and distributed the Federal patronage throughout the entire Commonwealth. His correspondence was enormous, but he so systematized his work as to handle it with ease and dispatch. With all this tremendous volume of work upon him he was regular in his attendance in this body, it being rare that he missed a vote.

I often wondered how he found the time to attend to the vast amount of department work that was thrust upon him. I have no doubt that he literally worked himself to death. Although a man of strong physique, his large labors necessarily led him into a sedentary life, and, like many of us here, he did not find time for needful exercise, and gradually his vitality was sapped.

The story of our colleague's life has been so well told by others of the delegation here to-day that it is not necessary for me to enter upon that, and I have chosen rather to refer to his personal characteristics. He was a strong man, of great intellectual breadth, of untiring energy, and unyielding persistency. His political acumen mounted almost, if not quite, to the height of genius. He knew men, knew how to control them and bind them to him. He was a typical representative of the feelings and aspirations and hopes of the bold, generous mountain people, who honored him and whom he served with all the loyalty and devotion of his earnest, hearty, wholesome soul. A partisan of partisans, he always retained the friendship and respect of his political foes by his candor and courtesy.

His people were loyal to him from his entrance into the political arena until the day of his death. He had sturdy opposition in his district at times within his own party, but always triumphed with ease.

I feel a deep and sincere sense of loss by his death. He was my personal friend, and I greatly admired the strength of his character, the charm of his personality, and the vigor of his life and work. He carved out for himself a great career and acquitted himself with fine fidelity. He was a worthy son of the great section from whence he came, and his proud place in the history of the State is quite secure.

As a part of my remarks I beg to include an editorial from the Louisville Courier-Journal of July 1, 1910, the paper so long famous by reason of the greatness of its editor, Hon. Henry Watterson:

The death of WALTER PRESTON BROWNLOW of Tennessee removes from the National House of Representatives one of its most popular Members. A bluff, rugged man of generous proportions, with a kindly heart and a keen sense of humor, he was the best of companions. A man of considerable personal magnetism and resourcefulness, he represented a type of politician more prominent a generation ago, when personality was a larger factor in the office-seeker's equation than it is to-day. It was said of Mr. BROWNLOW that he carried his political machine under his hat. This was not, strictly speaking, true. He knew the value of organization, and possessed a talent for perfecting it that amounted to genius. But there is a difference between draw poker as played between gentlemen and three-card monte as conducted by a fellow of the baser sort for illegitimate profit. Mr. BROWNLOW played draw-poker politics and played above the table. His tactics reflected an absorbing passion for the game rather than an unscrupulous itch for gain, and the evidence of his possession of true sporting instincts commended him to the friendly consideration of the spectator of his activities. His opponents were compelled to admit his brilliant virtuosity even while he was pocketing their losses and they were swallowing their defeat.

Although the chips usually drifted toward him as the game progressed, the adjournment of the session usually left the other players in fairly good humor if their flow of sporting blood was equal to that of the victor.

Constituents would be better served and better satisfied, political campaigns would be more picturesque, and Congress would be cleaner if there were a greater proportion of professional politicians of the BROWNLOW type in the field. His state of health foretold several years ago the early termination of his career. His death will be the cause of deep regret in Tennessee and in Washington, and wherever his personal acquaintance extended.

December 6, 1910.

Mr. Frazier. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions of the House announcing the death of the late Representative Brownlow, of Tennessee, be laid before the Senate.

The Vice President. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

In the House of Representatives,
December 5, 1910.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the Senate and send a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Frazier. I submit the following resolutions and ask for their immediate consideration.

The Vice President. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. Walter Preston Brownlow, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

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